

the Sun's last smile
peaks is flung;
the white
shades come down,
the fading light,
as day is flown,
rests on cave and height.
The loftiest, dizzy steep,
the Sun's last ray was east,
A shepherd's horn, o'er height and deep,
Rings out a pealing, warning blast!
The trumpet's deeper notes are poured—
The wide silence of the Alps,
It attests forth—Praise ye the Lord!
Praise ye the Lord! the cliffs resound—
The list'ning shepherds catch the noise,
And from above, beneath, around,
The oft-repeated summons floats—
From rock to rock, from vale to vale,
From every humble cot, 'tis heard,
Till in the furthest distant dale,
The murmur swells—Praise ye the Lord!
Tis past—the mountain whispers die!
The hills no more their echoes lend;
And all beneath the silent sky,
In humble adoration bend!
Oh, not to earthly pomp, or power,
Or earthly pride, is ever given,
The blessing of that silent hour,
That holly intercourse with heaven!
No stately dome may rear its head,
No Priest may lead devotion there;
Their only temple, God hath made,
Their only incense offered—Prayer!
Beneath, around, majestic sleep
The solemn, everlasting hills,
Above, the stars their vigils keep,
And angel-guards their watch fulfill!
But hark! again the trumpet's note
Peals out beneath the starry light,
Bearing the cheerful, warm salute,
From heart to heart, the kind—good night!
Good night! good night! awakes again
Each mountain cave and hillock crest;
Then sounding cliff, and echoing glen,
Rock, hill and valley, sink to rest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Philadelphia Whispers.]
JULIA:
OR THE EAGLE'S FEATHER.

BY J. E. BOW, AUTHOR OF "OLD IRONSIDES," &c.

What avails thy iron brow,
Strong one of the battle-field?
Shall thou meet a stranger now,
Remember thy lance and shield?
Wouldst thou meet who yield'd never—
Beauty reigns on earth forever.

... 1770, a solitary Indian was seen
striding upon one of the high hills that
surround the now populous village of
... in the western part of Connecticut.
He was a tall youth, and from his
war paint and dress, the most careless
observer of the various tribes that then
inhabited the tract of country between the
ocean and the lakes, would have pronounced
him to be a Huron. At his feet lay a
dead wolf and a red deer, and against a
stunted oak, within his reach, rested a
long French rifle.

Upon his brow rested a coronet of eagle's
feathers, while a hunting shirt of
skins, with leggings of the same material,
ornamented with the quills and dyed hair
of the porcupine completed his dress.

The truant schoolboy and the returning
hunter had seen him as he stood there
with his head bent on his hand, apparently
absorbed in the deepest reflection, and
had quickened their steps to the village, to
make due report of such an alarming ap-
pearance. He, however, let them pass
unnoticed, but his dark eye flashed with
eagle brightness as it wandered over the
straggling houses of the village, until at
length it rested upon a little mound, about
a stone's throw from the church, upon
which a dark pine was then discernable
from its evergreen foliage.—Then, for the
first time, he spoke: "It is enough," said
he; "the great spirit is kind, Wankinco
will visit the grave of his fathers."

Evening settled upon the town and the
fury of an early snow storm was spending
itself against the snug cottages of the set-
tlers, while the wail of the distant forest,
as the wind rushed through the branches,
cast a gloom over the faces of the boldest
inhabitants.

The worthy minister, Mr. Davenport,
had assembled his little family, consisting
of his wife, a daughter of fourteen, and a
servant, in his little dining room, and be-
fore a cheerful fire was trying to while
away the evening hours by repeating to
them a tale of interest and virtue.

Julia Davenport, for such was the name
of the blushing girl, who sat upon a stool
and rested her arm upon her father's knee,
while she gazed with intense interest upon
his benign countenance, was beautiful.—
With a form that was symmetry itself,
with a deep blue eye, and a snowy brow
upon which her Auburn hair rested in
... she seemed too fair for this
... world.

... like the night
... like the night
... like the night
... like the night
... like the night

threshold, while its mistress caught hold
of her father's coat and anxiously wait-
ed the denouement. For a moment not a
word was spoken—but the good preacher
recovering his composure sooner than the
rest, said in his mild tone, "Whoever you
are that wander in such a night as this, I
bid you welcome."

No sooner had the words fallen from
his tongue than the door opened, and a
tall Indian nearly intoxicated, with a hag-
gard face and a blood shot eye, entered,
and with a bare foot, evening seated him-
self in the vacant corner, and in a drunk-
en voice called gruffly for food and drink.
The worthy minister told him to begone,
that there was an inn at the next door,
where he would be well taken care of; and
finally when the savage refused to depart,
bade the servant aid him in put-
ting him into the street. At that moment
the daughter interceded, and recalling to
her father the incidents of one of the tales
he had related that evening, which went
to show that the Indian never forgave an
injury nor never forgot a favor, urged him
with simple eloquence to let him remain
until morning.

The savage in the mean time, having
by the genial influence of the fire recov-
ered his almost benumbed limbs, and hav-
ing also nearly recovered from his drunk-
en fit, put on the proud mien of his race,
and raising himself from the floor in na-
tive majesty, walked deliberately towards
the door. The good feelings of the preach-
er at this moment, seconded by the en-
treaches of his beautiful daughter, got the
better of his fears, and bidding the Indian
return to his seat, commanded the servant
to place before him the remains of his
homely dinner. This was soon done.
The Indian ate voraciously, and taking
a large draught of hard cider, laid himself
down upon the mats that had been spread
out for his accommodation and was soon
lost in sleep, dreaming no doubt of his
distant hills, where rested the remnant of
his once powerful tribe.

As the night advanced the family retired,
and all was silent. At the first blush
of dawn, the storm having subsided, the
minister and his family again assembled
in the dining room, and the Indian, who
had slept off all traces of the night's de-
bauch, partook of a hearty breakfast, then
rising he advanced to the minister, grasp-
ed him warmly by the hand, and then
each member of the family. As he ap-
proached Julia, he drew from his breast
an eagle's feather, dipped in blood, and
putting it in her hand said, "Gently eye
of the pale face, keep the gift of Wankinco,
and when the red head of the Huron is
lifted against you and yours, show him
this war plume and you shall not be harm-
ed. I go!"—and uttering the Indian gut-
tural, "Ugh!" departed, and was soon
lost in the paths of the wilderness.

The years rolled on, and their savage
neighbors instigated by the arch fiend
Philip of Mount Hope, united for the
destruction of the whites. Indian run-
ners had been seen by hunters crossing
their tracks, and the inhabitants at dusk
had been startled by the fiery eyeballs of
the painted savage as he skulked amid the
brakes on the forest border.

It was midnight. A December snow
fell heavily upon the sleeping town, and
the wild winds wail as it played with the
snow drift and swept through the lonely
streets, seemed like the shriek of the spir-
it of the storm.—A pause ensued, and
then arose a thousand hellish yells. The
town was attacked by Indians; husbands
and wives, brothers and sisters were roused
from their beds to be butchered at their
doors, or to be pursued thro' the mighty
drifts and then murdered, while their half
clothed bodies were tossed into the flames
of the burning houses. Soon the whole
town was a sheet of flame; the mother's
shriek and the infant's wail had no power
over the beast like savage; the pleading
cry and the look of anguish were answer-
ed by the swift descent of the tomahawk
and war club, or the deep cut of the more
terrible scalping knife. At that moment
a body of savages entered the house of
the worthy minister, Mr. Davenport, and
were dragging the good old man and his
wife and daughter to the door, to massa-
cre them with the general mass. A tall
savage, apparently the chief of the tribe,
was dragging the beautiful Julia by the
hair. At this moment her dress became
disordered, and an eagle's feather dropped
upon the floor.—The chief released his
hold, and giving a particular whoop, all
the band released their victims. The
leader then raised the precious relic, and
after scanning it with an eagle's gaze, he
turned to Julia Davenport, who with dis-
hevelled hair sat trembling upon the floor,
and said, "Daughter of the pale face, how
came the war plume of the Huron upon
the breast of the white dove?"

Julia, since the departure of Wankinco,
had worn the eagle's plume at night in her
bosom to guard against a midnight attack,
she having great faith in the power of the
symbol to protect her. A home now
sprung up in her breast and with an an-
gelic countenance, she rose and said, like
... word was spoken.

... like the night
... like the night
... like the night
... like the night
... like the night

old man who succored him, and save also
his wife and child dearer to him than
life.

"I have heard," said the Indian, speak-
ing evidently to his followers, "I have
heard of this tale, and have given but little
credit to it. Could the pale face do good
like the children of the Great Spirit with-
out a hope of gain? It must have been
so, for here is the plume of the Huron—
the words of Wankinco, were not the idle
notes of a singing bird. The Huron's
pledge shall be redeemed, but it must be
done in council;" then turning he spoke
a few words in the language of his tribe,
and the major part of them retired to the
outside of the building.

The chief then turned to Julia, who had
not gathered her fate from his words, and
said—"Daughter of the pale face, by the
Council Tree of the Huron, the pledge of
Wankinco must be presented and redeemed.
In three hours you must depart. Let the
old man and squaw be ready for the
journey when the young men of the
tribe have rested." Then giving the plume
to Julia, again he departed. The daugh-
ter in her exertions for the deliverance of
her parents, had neglected to turn her
eyes towards them.—She now looked and
beheld them lying apparently senseless.
She sprang to their side and raised their
faces from the cold floor, then uttering a
piercing shriek she cast herself upon their
silent forms and fainted.—God of Heaven
they were dead!

How long she lay in a state of insensi-
bility she knew not; but when she awoke,
she found herself borne upon a hurdle
made by six tall Indians, while in one of
whom she recognized as the chief of the
Hurons, led the van. The horrid truth
then burst upon her. Her much loved
parents were dead, her friends and neigh-
bors had been routed or destroyed, their
lovely village was a smouldering mass of
ashes and blood. For several days she
hung between life and death. At length,
as the band wound round a low, woody
hill, she heard the war-whoop of the Hu-
ron welcoming the return of the party,
and in a few minutes perceived the tall
form of Wankinco beside her hurdle.
The Indian village was at hand. The
Indian village was at hand. The Indian
village was at hand. The Indian village
was at hand. The Indian village was at
hand. The Indian village was at hand.

Meantime the day dawned in glory upon the
village of the Hurons. Before the head
and beautiful Lake of Horicon spread out
its silver bosom, covered here and there
with light curls of vapor, so thin as not
to obscure its surface, but sufficiently ob-
tuse to magnify the dead trees and the
bluffs on the other side of it into giant
forms and castle crowded mountains.

The shades of night were rapidly re-
treating from the wide valleys and bottoms,
from which the scream of the eagle and
the song of the red breast came up in me-
lancholy harmony, like the hoarse voice of
Troubadour mingling with the soft notes
of the light guitar, as he sang and played
beneath the lattice of his lady love, upon
his return from his wild crusade in the
Holy Land. The red deer belled as he
came out to drink the crystal flood, and
the fish-hawk screamed as he looked egle-
rily from his perch on the dying beach,
while the crow and pigeon hawk hovered
over the clear land, or swept with screams
and melancholy croakings over the bosom
of the lake.

A wild whoop suddenly arose from the
lodge of the chief. It was answered by a
thousand echoes, and in a few seconds the
painted forms of numerous Indian war-
riors were seen stealing from the wigwags
and lodges in the vicinity. Beautiful, in-
deed, was the sight, as through the high
foliage of the young arrowwood, the feath-
ers and shell work of the gaily dressed
children of Nature flashed back the sun-
light, or sparkled brighter with the few
drops that showered upon them, as they
parted the obtruding branches of the map-
le and ash, the former covered with its
crimson leaves, and the latter assuming
the faint tinge of Autumn. The scene
was beautiful as Eden, and man seemed
to roam amid its bowers in his primeval
state.

In a few moments the gentle Julia was
aroused from her couch of leaves by the
scent of a beautiful Indian girl who had so
kindly attended her the evening previous;
and dressing herself hastily, obeyed the
signal and followed her guide to the door
of the lodge, where she was received by
a young chief and conducted to the Coun-
cil Tree of the tribe.

Beneath a tall and wide spreading oak,
in a half circle sat the mighty men of the
tribe in solemn silence; while in the cen-
tre, at the foot of the oak, upon the skin
of a panther, rested the old chief; and
beside him the quick eye of the maiden
discovered the form of Wankinco. The
chief then led to a branch of an aspen
tree, and the man seated himself in silence,
for she knew the custom of the red man
and awaited her fate. For a half hour
not a word was spoken.

... like the night
... like the night
... like the night
... like the night
... like the night

in their quivers as they suddenly changed
their positions.

The old chief now arose, and stretching
out his hand towards the East, said:
"Children of the Red Huron! Our brother's
bow is unstrung, and his empty quivers
rest idly at the foot of the Council
Tree—where is our brother?—Let the
pale face answer."

"My children! The summer sun saw
our brother go forth on the war trail with
a strong hand and an eager heart—the
flash of his eye was like the lightning,
and the twang of his bow string was as
the note of death—the autumn sun saw
our brother stiffened in death, and his
scalp dripping with blood in the cabin of
the pale face."

"My children! Our brother's blood
cries for revenge. Let the pale maiden
die—the Great Spirit is above us—have
I spoken well? I have done."

As he resumed his seat, the whole tribe,
with the exception of Wankinco, uttered
their "Ugh!" of assent, and partly rose to
carry the sentence into effect, when Wan-
kinco, who had preserved a melancholy
silence, raised his head from his breast,
and striding lightly into the space between
the chief and the tribe, stretched out
his arm and said, "Chief of the Red Hu-
rons, and Warriors of the tribe! The
pale maiden shall not die. Is the Huron
a dog!—Shall he be false to his word? Let
the Sunny eye bring forth the war
plume!"

The maiden rose, and while a thrill of
wild and astonished eyes were now fixed
upon her, she drew forth from her bosom
the eagle's feather, tipped with blood, and
advancing to the old chief, placed the
symbol of triumph in his hand. The
chief eyed it closely, and then handed it
to a warrior, who, after scanning it in the
same manner, passed it to his neighbor,
and thus it was passed and scanned, until
it had completed the rounds of the tribe.
While the examination was going on, the
maiden stood with her arms folded upon
her breast, and her eyes bent calmly upon
the ground. All were silent, until the
feather had been returned to the chief,
who then said, "Paleface, it is the Hu-
ron's war plume!"

Then arose from the immense throng
the gruff "Ugh!" and all was silent.

The chief then turned to Wankinco,
and said: "Son of the Eagle, how came
this feather star from its parent bird?"

Wankinco replied, while his eye flash-
ed fire:

"The Eagle was weary and cold, and
ready to die, the dove gave him shelter in
her nest, and the war plume became her
reward. Shall the Eagle glut his ven-
geance upon the innocent bird that shel-
tered him? Hurons! It must not be.
The maiden shall not die. Have I
spoken well? I have done."

A wild assent rang from the assembled
warriors, and the young chieftain with an
air of pride and majesty, led the beautiful
Julia from the presence of the Council,
and placed her in charge of the former
Indian maiden.

Ten years passed away, and the tide of
white population rolled like a foam capped
billow over the west, causing the "wild-
erness to blossom like the rose," and making
the solitary places glad.

At the close of a long summer's day,
as a more adventurous emigrant and his
family had penetrated far beyond the fron-
tier, and approached the Ohio river, they
beheld as the sun was setting in all its
gorgeous splendor behind the western
forest, a beautiful cottage surrounded by
shrubby fields, and under a high canopy
of cultivation. A group of well dressed
women were playing in the lawn, and a
man and woman in the usual costume of
settlers in the woods, were setting upon
the rude portico before the door, evident-
ly witnessing with satisfaction the sports
of their children.

As the emigrants drew near, the hus-
band and wife approached the cavalcade
and welcomed the new comers to their
cottage, but nothing could exceed the
astonishment of the emigrants, as they
cast their eyes over the cleared land
around them, and then raised them upon
the inmates of the cottage. They were
satisfied that the man was of Indian ex-
traction, but the wife and children had the
blue eye and the light hair of the Saxon
race, and the latter a little brownness of
complexion, which might have been the
effects of the summer sun. For some-
time they were left in doubt. At last,
when the morning came, and the emi-
grants were getting ready to depart, their
kind hosts, with their children by their
sides, drew near to them, and carrying
them to a beautiful arbor, formed of the
vine of the wild grape supported by sap-
lings, on the banks of the broad Ohio,
related in turn the preceding incidents
when they had reached the period where
we left them, the wife drew from her
bosom the eagle's plume tipped with
blood, and throwing herself upon her hus-
band's neck, said: "My countrymen,
this is Wankinco, and these," pointing to
his children, "are the pledges of my love;
stay then with us, and settle in this lovely

inuous whitt-
"pretty consid-
wild turkeys,"
horses," "tall
if I don't."
"Stranger give me your hand." "I'll
squat."

That night the emigrant and his family
commenced a clearing; and, aided by their
kind neighbors, they were soon located in a
comfortable manner.

From this small beginning commenced
one of the loveliest towns in Ohio; and in
the graveyard can now be seen the
grave of John Huron, and Julia his wife,
beside that of Peleg Goodrich, and Meli-
table his wife. And on the stone of the
former, beneath a rude imitation of an
Eagle's Feather, are these words: "The
Huron's pledge was redeemed."

The descendants of these pioneers are
now the mighty ones of the village
Chronicle, and John Huron is a candi-
date for Congress.

The country beyond the Rocky Mountains.

The most thorough exploration of
these regions ever made under the author-
ity of the United States' Government, was
that of Lewis and Clarke, during the ad-
ministration of Mr. Jefferson. Various
private expeditions, for purposes of trade
mostly, have penetrated the country at
different times, the published accounts of
which contain much valuable information.
A full view of all particulars relative
to the subject, including the statements
pertaining to our right of possession over
the Oregon country, we refer our readers to
an article in the last number of the
North American Review, and the works
therein mentioned.

The territory west of the Rocky moun-
tains would seem, from the descriptions
that are given of it, to be one of the finest
on this continent. Major Picher, in his
account of his journey over the mountains,
declares that on crossing the ridge an im-
mediate change of temperature was per-
ceived, and a great contrast discovered in
the aspect of the country. On the west
side the weather was mild, the timber
larger and the valley grassy; on the east,
all was locked up in snow and ice, the
timbers small and stunted, and the face of
the country wild, desolate and dreary.
As a general characteristic of the country,
the winters are less cold and the sum-
mers less hot than in the corresponding
latitudes in the valley of the Mississippi,
or in the Atlantic States. Even in the
mountainous districts, where the high
peaks are covered with snow, and the
valleys at the base are comparatively
mild. The grass remains green and
juicy nearly all winter, according to the
statements of this traveler, and affords
excellent pasture for horses. The Col-
umbia river is free from ice during the
whole year.

The passage across the ridge of the
Rocky mountains is declared to be easy.
"I have been familiar with these moun-
tains for three years," says Major P., "and
have crossed them often and at various
points between the latitudes of 42° and
54°. I have therefore the means of
knowing something about them, and a
right to oppose my knowledge to the sup-
position of strangers. I say, then, that
nothing is more easily crossed than these
mountains. Wagons and carriages may
cross them in a state of nature without
difficulty, and with little delay in the
day's journey. Some parts are very high;
but the gradual rise of the country, in the
vast slope from the Mississippi to the foot
of the mountains, makes a considerable
elevation without perceptible increase,
and then the caps or depressions let you
through almost upon a level." This fact
is one of great importance. The com-
munication between the valley of the
Oregon and the great valley of the Mis-
sissippi will be easy, and the time will no
doubt come when a capacious canal will
unite the waters of the Columbia with
those of the Missouri. The facility and
convenience with which the trade with
China and the East Indies may be carried
on from a port on the Pacific, will tend to
hasten the opening of some such channel
of communication between the coast and
the great interior.

The occupation of the Oregon region
has been hitherto yielded to British trad-
ing companies. Mr. Astor's establish-
ment at the mouth of the Columbia, fell
into their possession, as is known, dur-
ing the last war between the United
States and Great Britain; and although
the stipulations of the treaty of Gent re-
quired the restoration of conquered places
to their original owners, there has been,
we believe, no formal occupancy of that
post by American authorities. The at-
tention of the Government has never been
seriously turned to that remote quarter
until lately, when the tide of emigration
begins to show some tendencies that way.
Every year, as time advances, will bring
the subject more and more into impor-
tance. In the meantime all information
in reference to the country, its soil,
climate, configuration and resources will
be of interest.—Balt. American.

Famule Pieti.

The gem of all others which adorns the
coronet of Female Loveliness, is unage-
d pieti. The grace of her mien—the
fascination of her countenance—her in-
telligence

shining intellect; adds gentleness
heart, and in the voice of earth
mingles the bliss of heaven. W
woman brings darkness and death
mankind; with it, she is the en-
orb of earth—the blessed gift of hea-
to whom the virtuous, the good,
homage. Then ye, who were des-
as the guiding star of man to heav-
other graces add piety of heart. It
strew flowers in your pathway thro-
the journey of life; and even in the
of mortal dissolution, it will be to
soul the light of life and glory.—Am-
can Citizen.

Prejudice.

We hate some persons because we
not know them; and we will not know
them because we hate them. The
friendships that succeed to such avers-
are usually firm, for those qualities
be sterling that could not only gain
hearts, but conquer our prejudices. But
the misfortune is that we carry these pre-
judices into things far more serious than
our friendship. Thus there are
which some men despise, because they
have not examined; and which they will
not examine because they despise.—
There is one single instance on record,
where this kind of prejudice was over-
come by a miracle; but the age of mira-
cles is past, while that of prejudice re-
mains.

Breeding of Cattle and Sheep.

In an essay on this subject, read at a
meeting of the English Agricultural Soci-
ety, Earl Spencer states it to be the result
of his own experience, "that in most cases
the qualities of the male parent pre-
dominate in the offspring," and that
therefore those who pay no attention to
the description of males to which they
put their females, "consider as a matter of
indifference that on which the profitable
or unprofitable nature of their occupation
mainly depends."

A sad mistake.

A certain lady had a custom of say-
ing to a favorite little dog, "make him fol-
low me, come along, sir." A would-be
gentleman stepped to her one day,
accosted her with "is it me, madam,
called?" "Oh no, sir," said she, with
composure, "it was another puppy I spoke
to."

Pope, who was proverbial for no
indifference of mind, and who
Lord Byron, would not "later N
for his friend, nor love for his power to
thunder," wished to have the follow-
ing epitaph on his tomb, in Westminster
Abbey:

Here lies a king, your distance
in power let your poster sleep;
Who never flattered, folks like you—
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

No Work After Supper.

Do you remember the anecdote I once
told you of the great Miss G.—who
undertook the management of some of her
land? She thought herself clever enough
to manage John Cawbacon and a rest of
them; so one day she stood y where
John was at his dinner—and he did not
make the worse dinner for that. Now,
knowing the elasticity of John's stomach,
as he was rising to his work time up,
she said, "John, it would save time of
coming and going if you would sit down
again and take your supper." "No ob-
jection in the world," said John, and
down he sits and instantly despatches
another pound or two, and drink in pro-
portion, ending with the ladyship's health
and many thanks. "Now, in John's
quoth lady bountiful, "you go to
your work." "Work, ma'am," said
John with a grin, "I never works, ma'am,
after supper," and so he threw himself
down, and in three minutes he snored like
a pig.—Blackwood.

At a late court, a man and his wife
brought cross actions, each charging the
other with having committed assault and
battery. On investigation it appeared,
that the husband had pushed the foot
against the wife, and the wife in turn
pushed the door against her husband.
A gentleman of the bar remarked, "the
he could see no propriety in a man and
his wife a-dorr-ing each other."

Down-East Beauty.

Her hair is of a rich dark brown,
Her eyes are her eye,
Her cheek is soft as cygnet's down,
Her lips like—pumpkin pie!

A country youth, the son of a prosper-
ous farmer, had spent some time at
academy, "fitting for college;" and
ring one of the vacations which he spent
at home, he was one day in a brick-yard
where his industrious father with hired
men were making brick. The father,
desirous of knowing something of his
son's progress in learning, asked him what
was the Latin for brick? "Brickabus,"
replied the candidate for literary honors.
"Very well," observed the father, "now
tell us the Latin for coat." "Coatamus,"
was the reply. "Very like—very like,"
said the father, who thought of skilled
Latin, was not lacking in good sense and
shrewdness—"and now the Latin for
frock—ah?" "Frockabus," said the
son, "now you see, take off your coatam, put
on your frockabus, and go to making bri-
cks, you don't go to the academy
any longer, I can tell you."